THE TUDOR SHAKESPEARE

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
SEMPER EADEM

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All's Well That Ends Well

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
SOUTHERN BRANCH

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BERTHA STUART

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Introduction

Text. — The only authority for the text is the First Folio (F_1), and the play was recorded in the Stationers' Register, under date of November 8, 1623, among those "not formerly entered to other men." The text of 1623 is reprinted in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios. Few of Shakespeare's plays show a greater number of textual corruptions, and editorial conjectures and emendations are particularly numerous.

Date of Composition. — The problem of the date of *All's Well that Ends Well* has been complicated by the frequent identification of the play with the *Love's Labour's Won* of Meres's list, and by the strong probability that *All's Well* as it has come down to us represents a recasting of an earlier play. There is no external evidence for the date which is convincing.

The identity of *All's Well* with *Love's Labour's Won* is insusceptible of positive proof. The fitness of Meres's title to the present play is perhaps not open to very serious objection. *The Taming of the Shrew* has been strongly put forward as a rival claimant for the honor,[1] but the victory in *The Taming of the Shrew* is scarcely that of love.

[1] See A. H. Tolman, "Shakespeare's 'Love's Labour's Won'" in *The Views About Hamlet* (1904). pp. 245–313, reprinted from *The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago*, First Series, vol. vii, pp. 159–190.

In either case the identification rests upon the assumption that *Love's Labour's Won* has been preserved. But the loss of an early play, before Shakespeare's fame was established, is perhaps not so remarkable a thing as sometimes seems to be implied. And any argument for a date before 1598 which rests upon the supposed identification with *Love's Labour's Won* demands corroboration.

The majority of the more recent editors and commentators have seen in *All's Well* indications of both late and early work, although others have failed to recognize any evidence pointing to more than a single date of composition, at a period of transition in Shakespeare's style. The large percentage of rhymed couplets, the three stanza-groups, the Euphuism of certain passages, and "the lyrical sweetness" of others have especially been appealed to as indicating earlier workmanship. On the other hand, the strongly elliptical character of much of the blank verse, the pregnancy of diction, deep reflectiveness and "sinewy sternness" of certain passages, and the depth of insight often shown in characterization have seemed to evince decided maturity of treatment. Two dates — the one of original composition, the other of revision or recasting — have therefore very commonly been assumed. Chiefly through the influence of the supposed identity of *All's Well* with *Love's Labour's Won* the date of composition has been usually assigned to the early '90's; the date of revision, with somewhat less agreement, to the early years of the next decade.

The evidence for a very early date of composition, however, is not thoroughly convincing. The four long rhymed

passages (I. i. 231–244; II. i. 133–213; II. iii. 78–110 — excluding prose comments; II. iii. 132–151) on which the argument for the early '90's chiefly rests, differ markedly in their character from the rhymed passages of a corresponding type in the plays known to belong to that period, and the first three suggest in their structure and function a date in the later rather than the earlier years of that decade. The fourth passage (II. iii. 132–151) is freer in its construction than any of the longer rhymed passages even in the plays of the late '90's, and corresponds most closely with the groups of rhymed couplets appearing in the very latest plays, notably with *Winter's Tale,* IV. i. 1–32. Moreover, an application of the usual metrical tests to the blank verse of the passages generally recognized as "late" gives results which point to a date, for these passages, little, if any, earlier than the Romances, *Cymbeline, Winter's Tale,* and *The Tempest.* And the blank verse of the "early" portions of the play corresponds more closely to the verse of *Twelfth Night, Much Ado,* and *Hamlet* than to that of the earliest comedies. The characterization of the King and the Countess is entirely in keeping with the treatment of men and women of advanced years in the latest plays, and the characterization in general bears few marks of the period of such plays as *Love's Labour's Lost.* Where the evidence is so largely metrical and esthetic as it is in the case of *All's Well that Ends Well,* only the most cautious statements are warranted. But so far as such evidence goes, it seems to point with considerable probability to the conclusion that the play was first written not far from the date that has of late been commonly assigned to its revision;

namely, in the period from 1598 to 1600 or 1601; and that it was worked over at a date very near that of the latest tragedies, and not long (if at all) before the Romances — say 1606–1608.

Source of Plot. — The story of the play is drawn from the ninth novel of the third day of the *Decameron*, which Shakespeare knew as it was translated in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*. It has been suggested by Klein that the *Virginia* of Bernardo Accolti (of which there are editions from 1513 to 1535), an Italian tragi-comedy based also upon Boccaccio's story, constitutes a supplementary source, but this view has not met with acceptance, and the evidence for it is entirely unconvincing.

The most important variations between the Paynter-Boccaccio story and the play, in addition to changes of names, — Bertram for Beltramo, Helena for Giletta, — are the following: —

The Countess, Parolles, the Clown, and Lafeu are all added; Giletta of the story is rich, has refused many suitors, and has kinsfolk of her own; on her arrival in Paris, her first step is to see Beltramo; the King and not Giletta suggests as her reward the bestowal upon her of a husband, whom Giletta merely requests, thereupon, that she may choose; the choice of Beltramo is not made in his presence, but he is called in later to hear of it; after Beltramo's desertion (which is not motivated beforehand, as in the play), Giletta returns to Rossiglione, and devotes herself to the care and improvement of Beltramo's estate, rendering herself greatly beloved by his subjects; as

Beltramo does not return, Giletta sends him word that she is willing to leave Rossiglione, should that insure his return, and it is in reply to this message of Giletta that Beltramo writes his letter; when Giletta leaves, she does so publicly, telling her subjects that she has determined to spend the rest of her days in pilgrimages and devotion; the widow at whose house she stays in Florence is not Diana's mother, but a neighbor of her mother, who is also a widow and a gentlewoman; Giletta remains in Florence, after Beltramo has returned home, until the birth of twin sons; in the dénouement neither Diana nor the King is present, but Giletta simply appears, in poor apparel, with her two sons in her arms, at a feast which Beltramo is giving, and weeping, claims her rights; there is no mention whatever of a second ring.

Stage History.— Owing to the rather unsympathetic character of its plot, *All's Well that Ends Well* has never been popular on the stage. There is no extant contemporary reference to it, and the first record of its performance is in 1741. It was performed a number of times during the eighteenth century, notably by John Kemble, and was revived at least twice in the nineteenth century. But on none of these occasions does the venture seem to have met with great success.

Relations to Contemporary Drama.— In the absence of any certainty regarding the date of *All's Well that Ends Well*, it is impossible to speak with assurance of its relations to contemporary drama. The play has been very commonly associated with *Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*. With the former it agrees in the

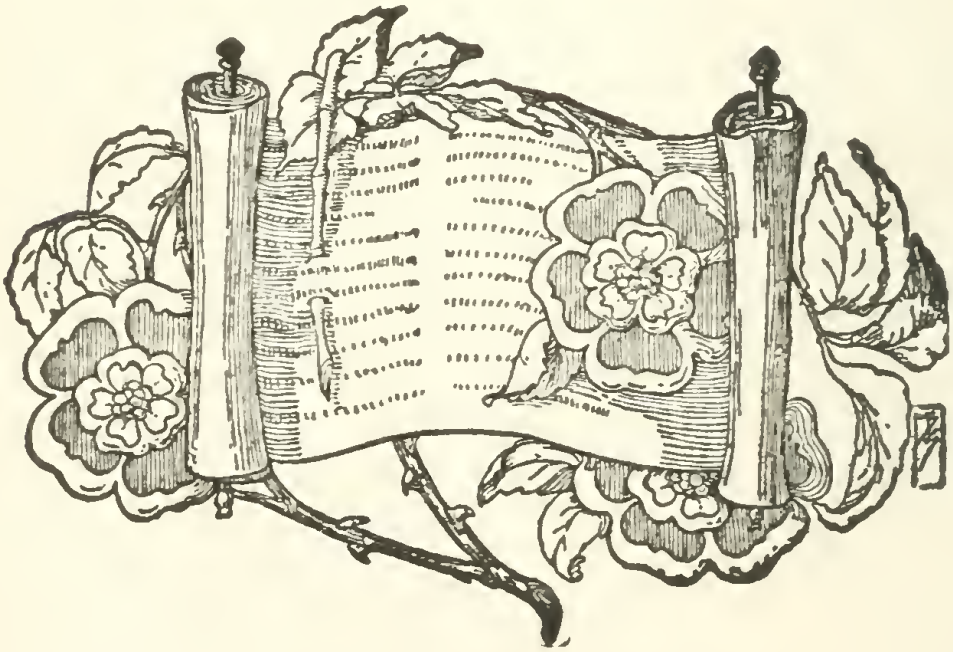
repellent device by which the dénouement is brought about, and it shares with both a more or less cynical and ironic tone. This atmosphere of disillusion which pervades the three plays has been interpreted by many critics as the expression of a mood through which Shakespeare himself was passing, — "a mood of contemptuous depreciation of life," — and has been frequently brought into connection with the supposed intrigue which underlies the Sonnets. But such an explanation of the play is, to say the least, of very questionable validity. The somberness of mood and the combined bitterness and levity which have been seen in the plays have often been taken too seriously. And the temporary preoccupation of a powerful and supremely sane mind with the more repellent phenomena of life and character may not legitimately be interpreted as indications of morbid introspection or personal disillusionment on the part of Shakespeare himself.

Style. — The style of the play, as has already been pointed out, is remarkably uneven. In the dialogue, for example, between the King and Helena, in Act II, Scene i, blank verse which combines the utmost flexibility of rhythm with a richly connotative diction and embodies a brooding, reminiscent reflectiveness, passes, without change of speakers or theme, into rhymed couplets, in which the subject in hand is overlaid with the commonplaces of reflection, and the diction is relatively bare of suggestion. In the first scene of the play Helena speaks in two quite different sorts of blank verse — the one clear, flowing, and mature; the other alliterative, conceited, and antithetical — and also in rhymed couplets. These are

fairly typical cases, and the result for the play as a whole is a curious effect of uneven texture, almost of stratification. The play abounds in obscurities of phrase, which are partly due to corruption of the text, partly to the tendency toward compressed and elliptical expression which marked the later stages of Shakespeare's development.

Interpretation. — That the play has any definite ethical purpose, or is intended to teach any specific lesson, one may safely doubt. It was inevitable that Shakespeare, in dealing with the materials which he found, should set himself to motivate more fully the actions involved, and should so throw into stronger relief moral values. All the stories of the third day of the *Decameron* deal with "the adventures of such persons as have acquired, by their diligence, something greatly wanted by them." In all the stress is laid on the gratification of sensual desire, and even in the story of Giletta of Narbonne it is upon the device by which the heroine fulfils her husband's condition that the emphasis falls. In *All's Well,* on the other hand, the purity and strength of Helena's character, as Shakespeare conceived it, carries with it a marked shift of values. But just this change of emphasis itself involves a difficulty, for the very nobility of Helena's nature renders the story which Shakespeare retained less plausible. It is this discord, which even Shakespeare's art has not wholly resolved, that accounts, in large measure, for a certain distaste which the play inspires in the minds of most of its readers, and this effect is heightened by the particularly unlovable character of Bertram, and the rather

hard and unsympathetic portrayal of Parolles. But it was on the indomitable and fearless purity of Helena herself that Shakespeare's interest centered; and despite the dissonance referred to, it is the character of Helena, as set off and softened by the grave sweetness and dignity of the Countess and the King, which gives to the play its permanent appeal.



All's Well that Ends Well

1962

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Two French Lords.
Steward,
LAVACHE, a Clown, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA,
MARIANA, } neighbors and friends to the Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*]

All's Well that Ends Well

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter young Bertram, Count of Rousillon, his mother [*the Countess of Rousillon*], *Helena, and Lord Lafeu, all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, — O, that "had"! how sad a passage 'tis! — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so, — Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam. The King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises. Her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity: they are virtues and traitors too. In her they are the better for their simpleness: she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have —

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! Thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none. Be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key. Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell! My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit.*]

Ber. [*To Helena.*] The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*]

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
I am undone! There is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself.
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

[*Aside.*] One that goes with him. I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Looks bleak i' the cold wind. Withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none. Man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up. Marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve

virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion; away with't!

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin. Virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't! Within ten year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth. Off with't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable, — just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet . . .
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court's a learning place, and he is one —

Par. What one, i' faith?
Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity —
Par. What's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*]
Par. Little Helen, farewell. If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I especially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars hath so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.
Par. When he was predominant.
Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.
Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell! When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove

To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The King's disease — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.
Exit.

SCENE II

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters, [*Lords*] *and divers attendants.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears,
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
1. Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible. We here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1. Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes.
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see

The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

1. Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted

Ere they can hide their levity in honour
So like a courtier. Contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb.
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say —
Methinks I hear him now! His plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear, — "Let me not live,"
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,

When it was out, — "Let me not live," quoth
he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements
are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
stancies
Expire before their fashions." This he wish'd;
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2. Lord. You're loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you
first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't,
Count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications. Nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty.

Exeunt. Flourish.

SCENE III

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear. What say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah. The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe. 'Tis my slowness that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damn'd; but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y' are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and

blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsom-e'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

"For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find:
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind."

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you. Of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. [*Sings.*]

"Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done, done fond, . . .
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten."

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! We'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth 'a! An we might have a good woman born but o'er every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither. *Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do. Her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds. There is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me. Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; [Diana no] queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods inform'd me of

this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor mis-doubt. Pray you, leave me. Stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young.
If ever we are nature's, these are ours. This thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.
Why not a mother? When I said "a mother,"
Methought you saw a serpent. What's in "mother,"
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? That you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother.
I am from humble, he from honoured name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were, —
So that my lord your son were not my brother, —
Indeed my mother! Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can 't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again? 175
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son. Invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion, 180
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, the one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it. Only sin 185
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear't. Howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 190
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose 195
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love.
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do; but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent, — speak truly, —
To go to Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? Tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? Speak.
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this,
Else Paris and the medicine and the King
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,

Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

Exeunt.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram and Parolles.

King. Farewell, young lords! these warlike principles
Do not throw from you; and you, my lords, farewell!
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1. Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well ent'red soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords!
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen. Let higher Italy, —
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy, — see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it. When

The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your Majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.
They say our French lack language to deny
If they demand. Beware of being captives
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. — Come hither to me.

[*Exit, attended.*]

1. Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable! I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with "Too young" and "the next year" and "'tis too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1. Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2. Lord. I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. Lord. Farewell, captain.

2. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek, — it was this very sword entrench'd it; — say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

1. Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! What will ye do?

Ber. Stay, the King!

[*Re-enter the King.*]

Par. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen.

Exeunt [*Bertram and Parolles*].

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across; but, my good lord, 'tis thus:
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?
Laf. Why, Doctor She! My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her, —
For that is her demand, — and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*]
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

[*Re-enter Lafeu.*]

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

Enter Helena.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his Majesty; say your mind to him.
A traitor you do look like, but such traitors

His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
Exit.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;
And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom Nature
From her inaidable estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgement or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid!

Thy pains not us'd must by thyself be paid.
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think and think I know most sure
My art is not past power nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd her sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,

Traduc'd by odious ballads, my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate, —
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command;
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd.
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must, —
Though more to know could not be more to trust, —
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! Why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

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Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court. He that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! — There's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir. To your business! Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back.
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. *Exeunt* [*severally*].

SCENE III

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists, —

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.
Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows, —
Par. Right; so I say.
Laf. That gave him out incurable, —
Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.
Laf. Not to be help'd, —
Par. Right; as 'twere a man assured of a —
Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in — what do ye call there?
Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
Par. That's it; I would have said the very same.
Laf. Why, your Dauphin is not lustier. 'Fore me, I speak in respect —
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the —
Laf. Very hand of Heaven.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak —
Par. And debile minister, great power, great tran-

scendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the King, as to be —

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the King.

Laf. *Lustig*, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. This youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use. Thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! Marry, to each but one!
Laf. I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruse them well.
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the King to health.
All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your Majesty, I have done already.
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again."
King. Make choice and see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
1. Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies.
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!
2. Lord. No better, if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipp'd; or I would
send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake.
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have
her. Sure, they are bastards to the English;
the French ne'er got 'em.
Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
4. Lord. Fair one, I think not so.
Laf. There's one grape yet; I am sure thy father
drunk wine: — but if thou be'st not an ass, I
am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee
already.
Hel. [*To Bertram.*] I dare not say I take you; but I
give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your Highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name. But do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good, without a name. Vileness is so;
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour. That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born
And is not like the sire. Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest. Virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad.
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam, that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travails in thy good;
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the King; who, so ennobled,
Is as 'twere born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine; to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

And be perform'd to-night. The solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles, who stay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. [*Advancing.*] Do you hear, monsieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! My master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man. Count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow. Thou didst make tolerable

vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee. When I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee, —

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well! Thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with

thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of — I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you. You have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? Dost

make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee. Methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate. You are a vagabond and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.*

Re-enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then. Good, very good; let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweetheart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweetheart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!
Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.
Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore, to the war!
Ber. It shall be so. I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.
Par. Will this *capriccio* hold in thee? Art sure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away. To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard!
A young man married is a man that's marr'd;

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go.
The King has done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly. Is she well?
Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health. She's very merry, but yet she is not well; but thanks be given, she's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.
Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?
Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.
Hel. What two things?
Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!
Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.
Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and

to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave. This had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strength'ned with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. *Exit Parolles.*

Hel. I pray you.
Come, sirrah. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. [*To Bertram.*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the King?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds and

uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur! I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*]
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant,—
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that

Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go.
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much. Nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord.
Faith, yes!
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men?

Hel. Monsieur, farewell!

Exit.

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, *coraĝio!*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[Florence. The Duke's palace.]

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two French Lords, with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1. Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

1. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2. Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. — You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. *Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.
Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.
Count. By what observance, I pray you?
Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.
Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]
Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court.

Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court. The brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. *Exit.*

[*Count. Reads*] *a letter.* "I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some

comfort. Your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does. The danger is in standing to't. That's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Helena and the two French Lords.

1. Lord. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. Lord. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience, pray you. Gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?

2. Lord. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.
[*Reads.*] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am

father to, then call me husband; but in such a
'then' I write a 'never.'"
This is a dreadful sentence.
Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
1. Lord. Ay, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.
Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is
he?
2. Lord. Ay, madam.
Count. And to be a soldier?
2. Lord. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Count. Return you thither?
1. Lord. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France."
'Tis bitter.
Count. Find you that there?
Hel. Ay, madam.
1. Lord. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
which his heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him

But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?
1. Lord. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.
Count. Parolles, was it not?
1. Lord. Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
1. Lord. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Count. You're welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses. More I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
2. Lord. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

Exeunt [*Countess and Lords*].

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the non-sparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels offic'd all. I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. *Exit.*

Scene III

[*Florence. Before the Duke's palace.*]

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers, drum and trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file.
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene IV

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

[*Stew. Reads*] *letter.*

"I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.
Ambitious love hath in me so offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie.
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive.
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

[*Count.*] Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so. Had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam;
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife.
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light. My greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger.
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger.
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
Exeunt.

SCENE V

[*Florence. Without the walls.*] *A tucket afar off.*

Enter an old Widow of Florence, her daughter, [*Diana,*] *Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their great'st commander; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way. Hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl. The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him! one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under. Many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena [*disguised like a Pilgrim*].

Wid. I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march afar.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you! they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon. Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him.
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?
Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth. I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O, I believe with him.
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated. All her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. Ay, right! Good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous Count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.

But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Drum and colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.

Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come.
That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He,
That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honester
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave
That leads him to these places. Were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! Well.
Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

Exeunt [*Bertram, Parolles, and army*].

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host. Of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

Exeunt.

Scene VI

[*Camp before Florence.*]

Enter Bertram and the French Lords, as at first.

1. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2. Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak

of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2. Lord. It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2. Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in anything.

2. Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch

his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design. Let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2. Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. "But a drum"! is't "but a drum"? A drum so lost! There was excellent command, — to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2. Lord. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success. Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or "*hic jacet.*"

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. *Exit.*

1. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2. Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do. Certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost emboss'd him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

2. Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1. Lord. I must go look my twigs. He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

2. Lord. As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.
1. Lord. But you say she's honest.
Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?
1. Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
Exeunt.

Scene VII

[*Florence. The Widow's house.*]

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The Count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her. Let her, in fine, consent
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand. A ring the County wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[*Without the Florentine camp.*]

Enter First French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

1. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will. Though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1. Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

1. Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1. Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

1. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his

own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. Lord. [*Aside, in ambush.*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, "Came you off with so little?" And great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance?

Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1. Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

1. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel —

1. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's. I would swear I recover'd it.

1. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's, —

Alarum within.

1. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.
[*They seize and blindfold him.*]

1. Sold. *Bosko thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1. Sold. *Boskos vauvado:* I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. *Kerelybonto,* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1. Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! *Manka revania dulche.*

1. Lord. *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*

1. Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1. Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1. Sold. *Acordo linta.*
Come on; thou art granted space.
Exit [*with Parolles guarded*]. *A short alarum within.*
1. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.
2. Sold. Captain, I will.
1. Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that.
2. Sold. So I will, sir.
1. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.
Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*Florence. The Widow's house.*]

Enter Bertram and the maid called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess,
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No;
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that.
I prithee, do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness; then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by Him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against Him; therefore your oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it!
Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring,
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring!
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window.
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your finger in the night I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*]
Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart. She says all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid.
Only in this disguise I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. *Exit.*

Scene III

[*The Florentine camp.*]

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers.

2. Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

1. Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since. There is something in't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he chang'd almost into another man.

2. Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

1. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

2. Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

1. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour. He hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

2. Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! As we are ourselves, what things are we!

1. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

2. Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

1. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

2. Lord. That approaches apace. I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

1. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

2. Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

1. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

2. Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

1. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? Will he travel higher, or return again into France?

2. Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

1. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

2. Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplish'd; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

1. Lord. How is this justified?

2. Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

1. Lord. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

2. Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

1. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

2. Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

1. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that

his valour hath here acquir'd for him shall at home be encount'red with a shame as ample.

2. Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where's your master?

Mess. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave. His lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

1. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

2. Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success. I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and

between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs. The last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

1. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

1. Lord. Bring him forth. Has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

1. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face. If your lordship be in't, as

I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles with [*First Soldier as*] *his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him! Muffled! He can say nothing of me. Hush! hush!

2. Lord. Hoodman comes! *Portotartarossa.*

1. Sold. He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint. If ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1. Sold. Bosko chimurco.

2. Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

1. Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1. Sold. [*Reads.*] "First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

1. Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

2. Lord. You're deceiv'd, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, — that was his own phase, — that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

1. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1. Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said, — I will say true, — or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

2. Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1. Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

1. Sold. [*Reads.*] "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: — Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so

many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

2. Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

1. Sold. Well, that's set down.

[*Reads.*] "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories. Demand them singly.

1. Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him. 'A was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for

getting the shrieve's fool with child, — a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1. Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

2. Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1. Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1. Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know. Either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

1. Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

2. Lord. Excellently.

1. Sold. [*Reads.*] "Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold," —

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that

is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1. Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

1. Sold. [*Reads.*]

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score.
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss;
For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

1. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat; and now he's a cat to me.

1. Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1. Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour; what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister. For rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules; he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bedclothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty. He has everything

that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

2. Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

1. Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians. To belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

2. Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

1. Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

1. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1. Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1. Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1. Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1. Sold. That shall you, and take your leave

of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*] So, look about you. Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

1. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

2. Lord. God save you, noble captain.

1. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

2. Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

Exeunt [*Bertram and Lords*].

1. Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1. Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too. We shall speak of you there.

Exit [*with Soldiers*].

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! Being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. *Exit.*

SCENE IV

[*Florence. The Widow's house.*]

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd
His Grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead. The army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you.
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away.

Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us.
All's well that ends well! Still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
Exeunt.

SCENE V

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not [salad] herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? A Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee

not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of. Serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter. Some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways. Let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. *Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So 'a is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him. By his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon

his return home, I moved the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty. 'A will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night. I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face. Whether

there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you. long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man.

Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[Marseilles. A street.]

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital

Enter a Gentle Astringer.

As nothing can unroot you. In happy time
This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir!
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains
Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

[*Rousillon. Inner court of the Count's palace.*]

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Master Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of. I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away. A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a purr of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, — but not a musk-cat, — that has fallen

into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'écu* for you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a simple penny more. Come, you shall ha' 't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than word, then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! Dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The King's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me. I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,

I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

1. Lord. I shall, my liege.
[*Exit.*]

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That sets him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once. But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue,
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions

To a most hideous object. Thence it came
That she whom all men prais'd and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd.
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt ; but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, "That's good that's gone." Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust.
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin.
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day,
Which better than the first, O dear Heaven, bless !
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*]
By my old beard,

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stand her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd

In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman, — 'twill not prove so; —
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards seize Bertram.*]
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,

Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not.
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending. Her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with herself.

[*King. Reads*] *a letter.* "Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I

follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! In you it best lies. Otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in law in a fair, and toll for this. I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors.
Go speedily and bring again the Count.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram [guarded].

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet.
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your Highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 'tis hit.
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument. His name's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit an attendant.*]
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debauch'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything?
King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has. Certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate. She got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient.
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet, —
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband, —
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? This ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?
Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.
What an equivocal companion is this!
Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's command.
Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?
Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?
Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go be-

tween them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her; for indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what. Yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now.

To prison with her; and away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.
Dia. I'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir,
[*Exit Widow.*]
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child.
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick.
So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!
Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter. This it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child," etc.
This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.
[*To Parolles.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher. So,
I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee.
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To Diana.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped
flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express.
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

[EPILOGUE]

[*King.*] The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

Exeunt omnes.

Notes

Act First, Scene i. The play is divided into acts in the Folio; the scene divisions and notes of place have been added by later editors. The stage directions are in the main those of the Folio, with some later expansions and additions, distinguished by brackets.

I. i. 10–12. **whose worthiness . . . abundance.** Even if the King lacked kindness, your worthiness would inspire it; how much more, then, shall you find it, when it is already present in abundance.

I. i. 51. **simpleness.** Absence of the complexity which exists where mind and qualities do not accord. Helena's disposition and gifts are of a piece.

I. i. 69. **How understand we that?** Lafeu's difficulty is not with Bertram's words, but with the preceding speech of the Countess, who has given to Lafeu's commonplace observation a turn suggested by her suspicion (cf. I. iii. 127) that the living Bertram is the enemy to Helena's sorrow for her dead father. Meantime Bertram has been quick to change the subject.

I. i. 70–81. Compare Polonius's advice to Laertes, *Hamlet*, I. iii. 59–80.

I. i. 81, 82. He is sure to have the best advice that those who love him can give.

I. i. 91. **these great tears.** The tears which Helena sheds for Bertram, but which the others suppose to be for her father.

I. i. 100. **sphere.** Cf. especially *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 15.

I. i. 114. **take place.** Take precedence.

I. i. 121–179. This passage has been regarded by many editors as an interpolation — a view to which its seeming inconsistency with Helena's character, as well as the break in the connection at its close, lends some color. But it should also be remembered that many things which are distasteful to us were not so to an Elizabethan audience, or even to Shakespeare.

I. i. 172. **toothpick.** Toothpicks were actually worn, either in the hat or on a ribbon.

I. i. 180. **There.** The break in the connection makes the reference obscure. *There* has been interpreted variously as referring to the Court, to Helena herself, and even to both, on the supposition that Helena secretly means herself, but ostensibly (for Parolles's benefit) the Court.

I. i. 199, 200. **show . . . thanks.** The contrast is between *showing* ("with effects," by deeds) and merely *thinking*, which never yields us gratitude.

I. i. 218. **of a good wing.** A term of praise, as applied to a falcon, but used here with a quibble on the other sense of *flight*.

I. i. 237, 238. Those who are sundered by the greatest disparity of fortune nature (through the affections) brings together, so that they join like things that are alike and native to each other. For *space in fortune*, cf. I. iii. 115–117; for *kiss*, cf. *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 388, 389.

I. i. 240. **weigh their pains in sense.** Estimate their labors on the basis of mere reason, instead of daring greatly.

I. ii. 41. **his hand.** The clock's hand; *its* rarely occurs in Shakespeare.

I. ii. 43. He treated as strangers, or, as being of higher rank than they were.

I. ii. 44, 45. **Making . . . humbled.** Making them proud through his condescension, and humbling himself n receiving the inadequate praise which it called forth. The passage is perhaps corrupt.

I. ii. 54, 55. Probably a reminiscence of the Collect in the *Book of Common Prayer:* "Grant . . . that the words which we have heard with our outward ears may . . . be so grafted inwardly . . . that they may bring forth the fruit of good living." (Knight.)

I. ii. 68. **lend it you.** Give you love.

I. iii. 19. **to go to the world.** To be married.

I. iii. 45. **Y'are shallow . . . in great friends.** Your knowledge of great friends is not profound.

I. iii. 55, 56. **Charbon . . . Poysam.** It has been conjectured plausibly that the words may stand for *Chairbonne* and *Poisson,* and may refer to the respective Lenten fare of the Puritan and the Papist.

I. iii. 64–67. Cf. the lines of a ballad published in 1577·

> Content yourself as well as I,
> Let reason rule your mind:
> As cuckolds come by destiny
> So cuckoos sing by kind.

I. iii. 74–83. Probably also adapted from a contemporary ballad. With the first line compare Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus,* xiii. 92:

> "Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
> And burn'd the topless towers of Ilium?"

I. iii. 91. **o'er every blazing star.** Over (that is, during the time of) every comet. Collier reads *one* for *o'er*, Capell, *or*.

I. iii. 99. A reference to the Puritan aversion to the surplice, for which the black Geneva gown was substituted.

I. iii. 100. **big heart.** Haughty spirit.

I. iii. 135. **these.** Such pains of love as Helena is undergoing. The idea is at once made explicit in "This thorn."

I. iii. 169–171. **Or were you . . . not his sister.** If you were the mother of both of us, I should care for it as I care for heaven, if only thereby I were not his sister. *No more than* is litotes.

I. iii. 208. **captious and intenible** (F_1 *intemible*). If *captious* means "able to contain" or "capacious," as it is commonly interpreted, it appears nowhere else in this sense; and *intenible* ("incapable of retaining") is found only here. Singer suggests that *captious* has the sense of "deceitful, fallacious," and that the reference may be to the sieve of the Danaides. The phrase, as it stands, seems to mean a deceptive sieve that will not hold.

I. iii. 219. **both herself and love.** Chastity and passion together.

I. iii. 230. **For general sovereignty.** As of sovereign and universal value.

I. iii. 231. **In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them.** To treasure them up with the utmost care.

I. iii. 232, 233. **notes . . . note.** Prescriptions the virtues of which were more comprehensive than was matter of common knowledge.

II. i. 1, 2. **lords . . . lords.** The Cambridge editors

suggest that "probably the young noblemen are divided into two sections as they intend to take service with the Florentines or 'Senoys.'"

II. i. 6. **After well ent'red soldiers.** After being well initiated as soldiers.

II. i. 12–14. **higher Italy . . . monarchy.** The passage is probably corrupt. *Higher Italy* has been variously interpreted as "Upper Italy," and "the worthiest among Italians." *The last monarchy* has been explained as Rome, and as the empire of Charles V.

II. i. 27. **I am . . . kept a coil.** I have a fuss made about me.

II. i. 30. **the forehorse to a smock.** A lady's usher.

II. i. 54, 55. **wear themselves in the cap of the time.** Are in the height of fashion. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 233.

II. i. 55, 56. **muster true gait.** Apparently, make a parade of the correct gait. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, II. iii. 28–32; *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 755.

II. i. 70. **across.** By a clumsy or unskilful stroke. Cf. *Much Ado*, V. i. 139; *As You Like It*, III. iv. 44–47.

II. i. 87, 88. **hath amazed . . . weakness.** My amazement is too great to be accounted for by imputing it to my weakness.

II. i. 138. **set up your rest.** Make up your mind. A phrase from the game of primero, but frequently used in a figurative sense as here.

II. i. 158, 159. **proclaim . . . aim.** I do not insincerely claim powers for myself contrary to what I know I can effect.

II. i. 166. **murk.** Either noun or adjective.

II. i. 176. **nay . . . extended.** What is worst, drawn

out to what is even worse. For a fuller statement of the same idea, cf. *King Lear*, IV. i. 8, 9; 27–30. The passage is obscure: see Textual Variants.

II. i. 180, 181. **And . . . way.** That which seems impossible in the light of everyday reason, sounder reason may accept on other grounds.

II. i. 183. **in thee hath estimate.** May be reckoned as thine.

II. i. 190, 191. **flinch . . . spoke.** Fall short in what pertains to my promise.

II. i. 194. **make it even.** Carry it out.

II. ii. 23. **French crown.** Bald head. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. ii. 99. For *taffeta punk*, cf. *1 Henry IV*, I. ii. 10.

II. ii. 24. **Tib's . . . forefinger.** The rush ring was used in rustic marriage ceremonies, especially those of a somewhat equivocal character. *Tom* and *Tib* are cant terms for lad and lass; cf. Jack and Jill.

II. ii. 25. **a pancake for Shrove Tuesday.** A reference to the old custom of eating pancakes on the last day before Lent.

II. iii. 7. **argument of wonder.** Amazing affair.

II. iii. 31. **Dauphin.** F_1 reads *Dolphin*, a common spelling of Dauphin. It is possible that a pun is intended.

II. iii. 64. **to each but one.** To each *only* one. Some editors understand, to each *save* one (*i.e.* Bertram).

II. iii. 83. **All the rest is mute.** I have nothing more to say to you. Cf. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 369.

II. iii. 85. **Ames-ace.** The lowest throw at dice. Lafeu is speaking ironically.

II. iii. 134. **swell's.** Swell us.

II. iii. 136. **Vileness is so.** *I.e.* vileness is vile, without a name.

II. iii. 156. **which to defeat.** Which peril to my honor to avert.

II. iii. 161. **poising us in.** Throwing our own weight into.

II. iii. 186. **Shall . . . brief.** Perhaps, must show itself as following promptly upon the contract that has just been made. But the line is obscure.

II. iii. 188. **Shall . . . space.** Shall be longer delayed.

II. iii. 211. **for two ordinaries.** For the space of two meals.

II. iii. 237. **pull at a smack of the contrary.** There's a dash of the opposite (*i.e.* folly) in the dram you have to drink.

II. iii. 242. **in the default.** If necessary.

II. iii. 247. **will.** Will pass.

II. iii. 260. **make some reservation of your wrongs.** Keep your insults to yourself.

II. v. 3. **valiant approof.** Proved valor.

II. v. 30–34. Lafeu is continuing his gibing remarks that have been interrupted, at l. 21, by the asides between Bertram and Parolles, and ll. 30–34 are directed against Parolles.

II. v. 40. **him that leap'd into the custard.** A reference to a not uncommon custom for the Fool at state banquets. Cf. Ben Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, Act I, sc. i:

> He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-Nothing
> And take his Almain leap into a custard.

II. v. 42. **your residence.** Your remaining in it (*i.e.* in my displeasure).

II. v. 64. **holds not colour with.** Is not in keeping with.

II. v. 66. **on my particular.** On my part — to be connected with *required.*

III. i. 11–13. **an outward . . . motion.** An outsider who has to form his conception of a council by means of his own feeble intelligence.

III. ii. 7. **the ruff.** The ruff around the top of the boot, which it was the fashion of the time to wear.

III. ii. 14. **old ling.** Kinnear conjectured *codlings,* raw youths.

III. ii. 34. **For the contempt of empire.** For even an emperor to disdain.

III. ii. 92, 93. **has . . . to have.** An obscure passage. Perhaps has a deal of that over-confidence which avers (*holds*) his high endowments. Or, possibly, which keeps him from having much, being worth much.

III. ii. 113. **the still-peering air.** Numerous emendations for this passage have been suggested. The reading of the text (without the hyphen) is that of F_1. Ff_{2-4} have *still piercing.* Steevens's emendation *still-piecing* (*i.e.* "continually closing up") has been adopted by many editors. But it seems more probable that *peering* has here the common sense of "showing itself, appearing," so that the phrase would mean "the air that ever presents itself (as a mark)."

III. ii. 124. **Whence.** From the wars, where, etc.

III. iv. 4. **Saint Jaques' pilgrim.** A pilgrim to one of the shrines of Saint James.

III. iv. 27, 28. **whom . . . grant.** A confused construc-

tion. *Whom* taken with *delights* refers to *her;* taken with *loves,* to *prayers.*

III. v. 25. **dissuade succession.** Dissuade others from following the same course.

III. v. 55. **bravely taken.** Regarded as brave.

III. v. 62. **In argument of praise.** So far as praiseworthiness is concerned.

III. v. 62. **to.** As compared with.

III. vi. 41. **John Drum's entertainment.** Often in the form "Jack (or Tom) Drum's entertainment" (cf. V. iii. 322). The phrase was proverbial for a beating, or for maltreatment of various sorts. Cf. Holinshed: "Tom Drum his entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by bothe the shoulders;" Withal's *Dictionarie:* "Hee thrust him foorthe of doores by head and shoulders, as they say, Jack Drum's entertainment." It is not necessary to suppose that there is any reference to Marston's play, *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1600).

III. vi. 66. **or "hic jacet."** Or you may write my epitaph.

III. vi. 81. **mortal preparation.** Preparation for death.

III. vi. 115. **my twigs.** Cf. III. v. 26.

III. vi. 122. **that we have i' the wind.** On whose scent we are.

III. vii. 3. **But I shall lose,** etc. Without losing. Bertram is the only witness she can call, and to do that would be to frustrate her plan.

III. vii. 9. **to your sworn counsel.** Under pledge of secrecy.

III. vii. 21. **important blood.** Urgent passion.

III. vii. 26. **most rich choice.** Highest estimation.

IV. i. 46. **Bajazet's mule.** No explanation of this reference has been found. Perhaps it is Parolles's mistake for Balaam's ass.

IV. i. 99. **woodcock.** The stock emblem of stupidity. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 92; *Hamlet*, I. iii. 115, etc.

IV. ii. 38. **Make rope's in such a scarre.** A hopelessly obscure and probably corrupt passage, for which numerous unsatisfactory emendations have been proposed. As the line stands, *'s* in *rope's* (Ff_{1-2}; *ropes*, Ff_{3-4}) presumably represents *us;* a *scarre* is a cliff or precipice. The general sense — that men somehow bring women to such a pass that they forget themselves — is clear enough. More detailed explanation is futile.

IV. ii. 62. **Another ring.** This second ring is Shakespeare's own addition to the plot. Its effectiveness as a device for enhancing the complication is obvious.

IV. iii. 23. **God delay our rebellion!** *I.e.* against Him, or against our true selves. Cf. *our own traitors* (l. 25), *contrives against his own nobility* (l. 29).

IV. iii. 31. **Is it not meant damnable in us?** Is not our intention a damnable one?

IV. iii. 99. **an abstract of success.** "A successful summary proceeding." (Schmidt.)

IV. iii. 136. **Hoodman comes!** An allusion to the game of hoodman-blind, now known as blind-man's buff. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. iv. 77.

IV. iii. 175. **in the nature.** After the fashion in which.

IV. iii. 183. **this present hour.** *Only* this present hour.

IV. iii. 280. **He will . . . cloister.** "He will steal

anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy." (Johnson.)

IV. iii. 297, 298. A reference to the use of the drum to announce the arrival of strolling actors.

IV. iii. 301. **Mile-end.** Where the London militia was drilled. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, III. ii. 298–306.

IV. iii. 306. **the rarity.** The very excellence of his performance.

IV. iii. 333. **beguile the supposition of.** Create a false opinion in the mind of.

IV. iv. 7. **flinty Tartar's bosom.** Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 30–33.

IV. iv. 30. **Yet, I pray you.** Helena's *yet* takes up again, after Diana's interruption, the *yet* of l. 27.

IV. iv. 31. **with the word.** Even while we speak.

IV. iv. 35. **the fine's the crown.** *Finis coronat opus.*

IV. v. 1–4. **Snipt-taffeta . . . colour.** Both *snipt-taffeta* and *saffron*, like *red-tail'd* in l. 7, refer contemptuously to Parolles's dress (cf. II. iii. 214, 264, 265; II. v. 48; III. v. 88; etc.). The frequent use of saffron not only as a dye in starch, but also for coloring pastry (cf. *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 48), suggests the figure in *unbak'd and doughy*.

IV. v. 22. **grass.** An obvious pun upon *grace*, l. 18.

IV. v. 41. **'a has an English name.** Black Prince (l. 44) is of course used in a double sense. If the Folio reading *maine* (" mane ") is correct (*name* is Rowe's emendation), the reference is probably to the shagginess of the conventional stage Devil. The mention of the *hotter fisnomy* is another of the numerous allusions to the so-called French disease. Cf. II. ii. 23 and IV. v. 100.

IV. v. 57. **the flowery way.** Cf. *Macbeth*, II. iii. 21; *Hamlet*, I. iii. 50.

IV. v. 103. **two pile and a half.** A reference to the closeness of the pile of velvet. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, I. ii. 32–36.

IV. v. 107. **carbonado'd.** Scored across, like a piece of meat for broiling. Cf. *Coriolanus*, IV. v. 199.

V. i. 5. s. d. **a Gentle Astringer.** The reading of the First Folio. Ff_{3-4} read *Enter a Gentleman a stranger.* An astringer was a falconer, and since there is nothing to indicate such a calling on the part of the courtier, who is elsewhere referred to only as *Gent.* (or *Gen.*), it has been conjectured that the later Ff. are correct. This is both plausible and tempting, but considering the vogue of falconry, emendation is unsafe.

V. ii. 25. **ingenious.** Perhaps, tricky.

V. ii. 26. **similes of comfort.** Consoling similes (*i.e. Fortune's close-stool, Fortune's cat*, etc.), with ironical reference on the Fool's part to Parolles's *metaphor* (l. 12). F_1 reads *smiles.* Cf. *1 Henry IV*, I. ii. 89, for the same misprint.

V. ii. 42. **more than word.** A play on Parolles's name, which in French is the plural of "word." Ff_{3-4} read *one word.*

V. ii. 42. **Cox my passion.** A distortion of " God's my passion."

V. iii. 3, 4. **to know Her estimation home.** To appreciate her thoroughly.

V. iii. 6. **Natural rebellion.** The rebellion of nature. Cf. IV. iii. 23.

V. iii. 6. **The blaze of youth.** *Blaze* is Warburton's emendation for *blade* of the Folio, the sense of which would

be " the spring-time of youth." With the passage as it stands in the text, cf. *Hamlet*, I. iii. 115–120; III. iv. 82–85.

V. iii. 17. **richest eyes.** Eyes that have seen most. Cf. *As You Like It*, IV. i. 24.

V. iii. 22. **repetition.** *I.e.* of our harsh feelings toward him.

V. iii. 29. **All . . . Highness.** He is your Highness's to command.

V. iii. 32. **a day of season.** A seasonable day. For the construction, cf. *Winter's Tale*, III. ii. 107, *strength of limit*, *i.e.* limited strength.

V. iii. 52. **Thence it came.** *I.e.* from this contempt. Bertram is dexterously turning his previous admiration for Lafeu's daughter into an explanation of his attitude toward Helena (to whom *she* of l. 53 refers).

V. iii. 65, 66. **Our own love . . . the afternoon.** A puzzling passage, upon which the commentators have wreaked much ingenuity. It perhaps means nothing more than that love, even when (as in Bertram's case) it awakes too late, has at least the grace of tears, while shameful hate (with which the King does not yet charge Bertram) never awakes at all. But the King seems to be generalizing with little or no specific application.

V. iii. 79. **The last . . . leave.** The last time that she took leave of me.

V. iii. 96, 97. **subscrib'd To mine own fortune.** Made a full statement of my affairs.

V. iii. 100. **In heavy satisfaction.** With sorrowful conviction.

V. iii. 102. **the tinct and multiplying medicine.** The elixir that transmutes the baser metals into gold.

V. iii. 121–123. **My fore-past proofs . . . too little.** My former fears, based on such evidence as I then had, can scarcely now be censured as delusive, since I have rather, in my folly, feared too little.

V. iii. 131. **for four or five removes come short.** Come short (of overtaking the King) by four or five post-stages.

V. iii. 148. **Toll for this.** The reference is probably to certain statutes regulating the sale of horses at fairs, rather than to ringing a knell, and the sense is that Lafeu will buy a properly registered son-in-law and advertise Bertram as for sale.

V. iii. 199, 200. Apparently a slip, as Diana has not said this.

V. iii. 216. **her modern grace.** *Modern* is used in its usual Shakespearean sense of "common, ordinary." Bertram is emphasizing Diana's cunning, but wilfully minimizing her attractions.

V. iii. 305. **Exorcist.** Here, one who can *raise* spirits. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 323.

V. iii. 335. **The king's a beggar;** *i.e.* for the "expressed content" of applause.

Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

I. i. 129. sitting] Johnson; setting Ff.
172. wear] Capell; were Ff.
ii. 56. Thus] Pope; This Ff.
iii. 91. o'er] Rowe; ore F_1; one Collier.
119. [Diana no] Theobald; Ff *omit.*
177. loneliness] Theobald; loueliness Ff.
183. the one to the other] 'ton tooth to th' other Ff.
II. i. 43. with his cicatrice, an] Theobald; his sicatrice, with an F_1.
64. fee] Theobald; see Ff.
147. fits] Theobald *conj.*; shifts Ff.
176. otherwise; nay] Malone *conj.*; otherwise, ne F_1.
195. heaven] Thirlby *conj.*; helpe F_1.
iii. 35. facinorous] Steevens; facinerious Ff.
68. *After* father, Ff. *insert* [*She addresses her to a Lord.*
127. stand] Rowe; stands Ff.
132. when] Thirlby *conj.*; whence Ff.
309. detested] Rowe; detected Ff.
v. 29. End] Collier; And Ff.
94. Keightley's *arrangement.* Ff. *give whole line to Helena.*
III. i. 9. *1 Lord*] *French E.* Ff.
17. *2 Lord*] Rowe; *Fren. G.* Ff.

ii. 9. sold] F_3; hold F_1.
20. E'en] Theobald; In Ff.
47, etc. *1. Lord*] *French E.* Ff.
49, etc. *2. Lord*] *French G.* Ff.
65. *1. Lord*] *1 G.* Ff.
vi. 1, etc. *1. Lord*] Rowe; *Cap. E.* Ff.
3, etc. *2. Lord*] Rowe; *Cap. G.* Ff.
38. his] Rowe; this Ff.
40. ore] oar Theobald; ours Ff.
vii. 34. this] F_{2-4}; F_1 *omits.*
IV. i. 1. *1. Lord*] *1. Lord E.* Ff.
9, etc. *1. Lord*] *Lord E.* Ff.
ii. 38. *Hopelessly corrupt.*
iii. 1, etc. *2. Lord*] *Cap. G.* Ff.
3, etc. *1. Lord*] *Cap. E.* Ff.
158. All's one to him] Capell; *continued to Parolles* Ff.
222. lordship] Pope; Lord Ff.
268. our] Capell; your F_{1-2}; the F_{3-4}.
v. 19. [salad] sallet Rowe; Ff. *omit.*
V. ii. 26. similes] Theobald; smiles Ff.
iii. 6. blaze] Theobald *conj.*; blade Ff.
27. *1. Lord*] *Gent.* Ff.
155. sith] Dyce; sir, F_1.
158. s. d. *and Diana*] Rowe; *Diana and Parolles* Ff.
216. infinite cunning] Singer; insuite comming F_1.

Glossary

'a, he; IV. v. 41.
abuse, maltreat, offend; V. iii. 295: deceive; V. iii. 299.
act, activity, active service; I. ii. 30.
addition, title; II. iii. 134: augmentation; IV. ii. 3.
admiration, wonder, wonderful object; II. i. 91.
adoptious, assumed or adopted; I. i. 188.
advertisement, advice; IV. iii. 240.
advice, judgment, consideration; III. iv. 19.
against, in the face of; I. iii. 180.
ample, amply, thoroughly; III. v. 46.
an, if; II. i. 29.
anatomize, dissect; IV. iii. 37.
appeach, inform against; I. iii. 197.
appliance, cure; II. i. 116.
appointment, engagement; II. v. 72.
apprehensive, capricious, fastidious; I. ii. 60.
approof, approval; I. ii. 50.
approve, confirm, vouch for; I. ii. 10: try, prove; I. iii. 234.
araise, raise up; II. i. 79.
armipotent, mighty in arms; IV. iii. 264.
artist, learned and expert physician; II. iii. 10.
attend, be in attendance on; I. i. 4: await; II. iii. 57.
authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. iii. 14.
avail, profit, advantage; III. i. 22.

bare, shave; IV. i. 54.
barnes, children (with a quibble); I. iii. 28.
bate, remit; II. iii. 234.
bated, excepted; II. i. 13.

bauble, the Fool's baton; IV. v. 32.
board, woo; V. iii. 211.
botcher, mender of old clothes; IV. iii. 211.
braid, deceitful; IV. ii. 73.
brave, fine, splendid; II. i. 25.
bravely, boldly, or (perhaps) finely, in a showy manner; II. i. 29.
braving, defiant, threatening; I. ii. 3.
breathe, take exercise; II. iii. 272.
breathing, exercise; I. ii. 17.
brief, contract (here, betrothal); II. iii. 186: a brief account; V. iii. 137.
broke, act as a procurer; III. v. 74.
broken, with gaps in the teeth; II. iii. 66.
bunting, a bird like the lark, but almost songless; II. v. 7.
by, about, concerning; V. iii. 237.

canary, a quick and lively dance; II. i. 77.
capable (of), susceptible (to); I. i. 106, 223.
cappriccio, Ital., caprice, fancy; II. iii. 310.
careless, not cared for; II. iii. 170.
case, flay, skin; III. vi. 111.
cassock, military cloak; IV. iii. 192.
catastrophe, end, conclusion; I. ii. 57.
catch, seize (mentally), perceive; I. iii. 176.
challenge, assert; II. iii. 141.
change, exchange; III. ii. 100.
chape, the metal tip of a scabbard; IV. iii. 164.
charge, expense; II. iii. 121.
check, rebuke, chide; I. i. 76.
chough, jackdaw; IV. i. 22.
christendom, Christian name; I. i. 188.
cite, recount, bear witness to; I. iii. 216.
coil, turmoil, bustle, fuss, ado; II. i. 27.

collateral, indirect; I. i. 99.
commission, warrant; II. iii. 279.
commoner, prostitute; V. iii. 194.
companion, fellow; V. iii. 250.
company, companion; IV. iii. 37.
composition, compact, agreement; IV. iii. 22.
compt, account, reckoning; V. iii. 57.
con thanks, be thankful; IV. iii. 174.
condition, character; IV. iii. 196: habits; IV. iii. 288.
congied, taken leave; IV. iii. 100.
consolate, console; III. ii. 131.
conversation, intercourse; I. iii. 240.
coranto, a lively spirited dance; II. iii. 49.
count (of), attend to; IV. iii. 258.
County, Count; III. vii. 22.
cozen, cheat; IV. ii. 76; IV. iv. 23.
credence, belief, confidence; III. iii. 2.
curious, careful; I. ii. 20.
curiously, carefully; IV. iii. 39.
Curtal, bob-tailed (used as a horse's name); II. iii. 65.
curvet, prancing; II. iii. 299.
customer, prostitute; V. iii. 287.

dear, heartfelt, coming home to one closely; IV. v. 12; V. iii. 18.
debauch, debase; II. iii. 145.
debile, weak; II. iii. 41.
defective, wanting, coming short; II. iii. 161.
deliverance, utterance; II. i. 85; II. v. 4.
desperate, reckless; II. i. 187.
dial, watch; II. v. 6.
diet, keep fasting; IV. iii. 34; V. iii. 221.
digest, absorb; V. iii. 74.
dilated, expanded, detailed; II. i. 59.

discover, reveal; IV. i. 80.
dispatch, business; IV. iii. 104.
disposition, mood; III. vi. 47.
dissolve, separate; I. ii. 66.
distempered, boding change of weather, stormy; I. iii. 157.
doctrine, learning; I. iii. 247.

ear, plow, till; I. iii. 47.
emboss, run to cover, close around; III. vi. 107.
embowel, exhaust, empty; I. iii. 247.
empiric, quack; II. i. 125.
enforce, force, press (something) upon; II. i. 129.
engine, device, contrivance; III. v. 21.
engross, gain exclusive possession of, concentrate in one's own possession; III. ii. 68.
enjoined, under a vow; III. v. 97.
entail, the settlement of the succession of a landed estate; IV. iii. 313.
entertainment, service; III. vi. 12; IV. i. 17.
esteem, worth; V. iii. 1.
even, full; V. iii. 326.
even, keep pace with, act up to; I. iii. 3.
event, outcome, chance; III. ii. 107.
examine, call in question; III. v. 66.
exception, contradiction; I. ii. 40.
expect, look for; II. iii. 189.
expedient, proper, suitable; II. iii. 186.
express, declare; V. iii. 50.
expressive, communicative; II. i. 54.

facinorous, infamous, atrocious; II. iii. 35.
fact, evil deed; III. vii. 47.
faith, religious belief; IV. i. 83.

fancy, love; V. iii. 214.
fated, fateful, supposed to determine our fates; I. i. 232.
favour, look, appearance; I. i. 107; V. iii. 49.
fee, reward; II. i. 63.
fee-simple, absolute possession; IV. iii. 311.
file, roll, muster-list; III. iii. 9.
find, detect, see through; II. iii. 216; II. iv. 32.
fine, subtle; V. iii. 270.
fine, end; IV. iv. 35.
fisnomy, physiognomy; IV. v. 42.
fistula, a long, sinuous ulcer; I. i. 39.
flesh, gratify; IV. iii. 19.
follow, attend on, wait on; II. i. 102.
fond, foolish; I. i. 188; V. iii. 178: foolishly; I. iii. 76.
forehorse, foremost horse of a team; see note, II. i. 30.
forsake, refuse; II. iii. 62.
found, equipped; II. i. 105. See *find*.
frank, liberal, bountiful; I. ii. 20: free; II. iii. 61.
furnish to, equip for; II. iii. 307.
furniture, equipment, trappings; II. iii. 65.

gamester, prostitute; V. iii. 188.
gossip, stand sponsor to, christen; I. i. 189.
gross, palpable; I. iii. 178.

haggish, like a hag; I. ii. 29.
hand, "in any h.," in any case; III. vi. 45.
hawking, hawk-like, keen; I. i. 105.
heraldry, valid title; II. iii. 280.
herb of grace, rue; IV. v. 18. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. v. 181, 182.
higher, farther; IV. iii. 50.
hilding, a worthless person; III. vi. 3.
honest, chaste; IV. ii. 11.
honesty, chastity; III. v. 14.

hoodwink, blindfold; III. vi. 25; IV. i. 90.
host, lodge; III. v. 97.

idle, silly, absurd; II. v. 54; III. vii. 26.
importing, full of meaning, significant; V. iii. 136.
in, to harvest, house; I. iii. 48.
inducement, instigation; III. ii. 91.
infix, imprint; V. iii. 47.
inhibited, prohibited; I. i. 159.
innocent, idiot; IV. iii. 214.
instance, cause, motive; IV. i. 45.
intimate, suggest, imply; II. i. 186.
into, upon; I. iii. 260.
issue, fruit, result; II. i. 109.

joul, thrust, knock; I. iii. 58.
justify, attest, confirm; IV. iii. 64.

kicky-wicky, sweetheart, wife; II. iii. 297.
kind, nature; I. iii. 67.
knowingly, by experience; I. iii. 256.

lapse, deviation from rectitude, moral slip; II. iii. 170.
lead, carry; IV. iii. 297.
leaguer, camp; III. vi. 27.
leg, a bow (made by drawing one leg backward); II. ii. 10.
level, the direction of one's aim; II. i. 159.
lie, lodge; III. v. 34.
ling, cheap salted fish; III. ii. 14.
linsey-woolsey, fabric woven of mixed wool and flax, hence, a medley; IV. i. 12.
list, boundary, limit; II. i. 53.
livelihood, liveliness, animation; I. i. 58.
longing, belonging; IV. ii. 42.
lustig, Ger., merry, II. iii. 47.

magnanimous, bold, heroic; III. vi. 70.
manifest, well known; I. iii. 229.
measure, dance; II. i. 58.
medicine, physician; II. i. 75.
mell, meddle, have to do; IV. iii. 257.
misdoubt, mistrust; III. vii. 1.
misprise, undervalue, despise; III. ii. 33.
misprision, error, disdain; II. iii. 159.
modern, commonplace, ordinary; II. iii. 2; V. iii. 216.
module, mere image; IV. iii. 114.
moiety, half; III. ii. 69.
monstrous, enormously, exceedingly; II. i. 187.
monumental, memorial; IV. iii. 20.
morris, morris-dance; II. ii. 26.
Mort du Vinaigre, Fr., a meaningless oath; II. iii. 50.
motion, sense; III. i. 13: act; V. iii. 264.
motive, agent; IV. iv. 20.
muse, wonder; II. v. 70.
mystery, skill in one's calling; III. vi. 68.

naturalize, initiate; I. i. 222.
nature, quality, kind; III. i. 17: almost equivalent to "cause"; V. iii. 23.
naughty, good for nothing; V. iii. 254.
next, nearest; I. iii. 63.
nice, trifling; IV. iii. 105: punctilious; V. i. 15.
note, mark of distinction; I. iii. 163: attention; III. v. 104.

of, in, I. i. 7; V. iii. 1: as regards; II. iii. 126: on; III. v. 103.
office, to perform offices or functions; III. ii. 129.
ordinary, a public meal at a fixed price; II. iii. 211.
outward, uninitiated; hence, *outward man,* an outsider; III. i. 11.

overlooking, supervision, oversight; I. i. 45.
over-night, last night; III. iv. 23.
owe, have, own, possess; II. i. 9; II. v. 84; V. iii. 297.

parcel, party, group; II. iii. 58.
pass, repute; II. v. 58.
passage, that which passes or happens, an occurrence; I. i. 20.
passport, dismissal; III. ii. 58.
Pepin, King of the Franks (mentioned as one long dead); II. i. 79.
persecute, pursue, follow up; I. i. 16.
perspective, a glass that produces an optical illusion; V. iii. 48.
plausive, pleasing, winning; I. ii. 53: specious, plausible; IV. i. 29.
poise, weigh; II. iii. 161.
port, gate; III. v. 39.
practicer, practitioner; II. i. 188.
predominant, supreme in influence; I. i. 211.
present, immediate; II. v. 61.
presently, immediately; II. iii. 166.
pretence, pretext; IV. iii. 57.
prevent, frustrate, forestall; III. iv. 22.
prime, youth; II. i. 185.
proceed, take place, be done; IV. ii. 62.
profession, what one professes to be able to do; II. i. 86.
proper, one's own; IV. ii. 49; IV. iii. 29.
property, inherent quality; II. iii. 137.
provide, supply with what is needful; III. iv. 40.
pudding, sausage; II. ii. 29.
punk, strumpet; II. ii. 24.

quart d'écu, a quarter of a French crown; IV. iii. 311; V. ii. 35.
quatch-buttock, a flat or squat buttock; II. ii. 18.
quean, wench, hussy; II. ii. 27.
questant, seeker, aspirant; II. i. 16.
quirk, caprice, a sudden turn or start; III. ii. 51.
quote, set down; V. iii. 205.

rate, estimate, value; II. i. 182: price; V. iii. 91, 217.
rather, sooner; II. i. 106.
ravin, ravening; III. ii. 120.
receiv'd, accredited, fashionable; II. i. 57.
recover, restore; III. ii. 22.
rector, the head of a religious house; IV. iii. 69.
remainder, the residual interest remaining over from a particular estate; IV. iii. 313.
remorseful, compassionate; V. iii. 58.
render, report, state; I. iii. 236.
repair, restore; I. ii. 30.
repeal, recall; II. iii. 55.
resolvedly, satisfactorily, clearly; V. iii. 332.
respect, reason, motive; II. v. 71.
retrograde, moving backward, retreating; I. i. 212.
ring, circuit, round; II. i. 165.
ring-carrier, go-between; III. v. 95.
ruttish, lecherous; IV. iii. 243.

sadness, seriousness; *in good sadness,* in earnest; IV. iii. 230.
sanctimony, piety, devotion; IV. iii. 59.
saucy, impudent, wanton; IV. iv. 23.
science, knowledge, learning; V. iii. 103.
seem, appear, show itself; II. iii. 186.
sense, perception, apprehension; I. iii. 178: reason; II. i. 127.

senseless, unreasonable; II i. 127.
sequent, consequent; II. ii. 56.
several, different, each his own; I. ii. 74.
shrewd, bad, mischievous; III. v. 71: sly, cunning; IV. v. 66.
shrewdly, sharply, severely; III. v. 92.
shrieve, sheriff; IV. iii. 213.
sinister, left; II. i. 44.
sith, since; V. iii. 155.
sithence, since; I. iii. 124.
sleepy, sleep-inducing, associated with sleep; II. i. 167.
smack, smattering; IV. i. 18: taste, dash; II. iii. 237.
smock, a woman's undergarment, a woman; II. i. 30.
smoke, smell out, detect; III. vi. 111; IV. i. 30.
snuff, contempt; I. ii. 59.
solely, absolutely, altogether; I. i. 112.
solemn, formal; IV. iii. 89.
spacious, extended, elaborate; II. i. 51.
sportive, merry; III. ii. 109.
square, shape, regulate; II. i. 153.
staggers, bewilderment, confusion (suggested by the reeling gait of a horse with the disease so-called); II. iii. 170.
stain, tincture, dash; I. i. 122.
stead, benefit, help; III. vii. 41.
still, always, constantly; I. iii. 210; IV. iii. 26.
stomach, inclination; III. vi. 67.
strong, certain, important; IV. iii. 65.
style, title, appellation; II. iii. 205.
success, issue, result; I. iii. 253; III. vi. 86.
suggest, tempt; IV. v. 47.
suggestion, incitement to evil, temptation; III. v. 18.
superfluous, having more than enough, luxurious; I. i. 116.

taffeta, a fine silken stuff; II. ii. 24.
take up, rebuke, scold; II. iii. 218.
tax, reproach, censure, charge; I. i. 77; II. i. 173.
that, so that; I. iii. 218.
then, than; II. i. 88.
top, head; I. ii. 43.
triple, third; II. i. 111.

unclean, not fair, ill; I. i. 48.
unhappy, mischievous; IV. v. 66.

validity, value; V. iii. 192.
vent, utterance; II. iii. 213.
virtuous, endowed with virtues; I. i. 49; III. ii. 33.

will, lust; IV. iii. 19.
worthy, deserved; IV. iii. 7.
write, lay claim to; II. iii. 67: call one's self; II. iii. 208.

yield, deliver, exhibit; III. i. 10.

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